

GURU GETS PEEVED; SEANCE IS LIVELY

Dr. Sarak Entertains Highly At
Meeting of Esoteric
Center.

(Continued from First Page.)

his left lapel. Over all this he wore a blue robe, trimmed with gilt.

He explained, with a rather delicious accent, that he couldn't speak English, and apologized for using an interpreter, in which capacity Miss Marsland acted.

Is a Capable Interpreter.

Then he struck an attitude, cleared his throat, glared at the audience, and in French, with a decided Spanish accent started on an harangue which Miss Marsland translated, phrase by phrase. It may be said in passing that Miss Marsland, if not an unusual orator, is an interpreter of no mean ability.

After a few introductory remarks, Dr. Sarak started right in to tell how wonderful he was. He said he had traveled in many lands, and the press usually had hailed him as a man who did great things. Sometimes, however, he admitted the press had said some cruel things. This he allowed to pass.

He confessed that he had the power to punish, but, puffed, he had stayed his hand.

Then, after a rather long-drawn-out, accented on brotherly love, he announced that he had a mission to perform. He had been tempted to leave this mission, he said; he had been offered gold; he had been threatened. But, righteously, he had scored the publicans, and now, he was happy to state, the seeds which he had sown had prospered.

Then he passed on to his son, Boudh Sadou, who, by the way, was seen but not heard, as is entirely fit and proper for one of his age.

His Future Not Settled.

Boudh—if it isn't sacrilegious to call him by his first name—is a decidedly swarthy, diminutive youth of possibly eighteen, who sat in the corner and watched the proceedings with decidedly bored, even though dreamy, eyes.

Much, said Dr. Sarak, had been said of the new adept-to-be. Distorted stories, he intimated, had been spread in the deceitful Sahara—as he pleasantly designated the rest of the world.

But, he declared, the time has not yet come. Boudh must learn English before he can start out with his disciples. Then, and not until then, will the world be allowed to offer homage.

There seems to be some doubt about the temporal profession which Boudh will choose. Maybe he'll be an engineer, maybe a scientist, maybe just a common laborer—but whatever he is, he'll have his father's power. His father admitted it.

Then Dr. Sarak told all about his powers. He said that when someone rang the bell he knew who it was; he said that when a person was admitted to the house, he knew what he wanted; he said that when he took one's hand he knew whether the person so honored was going to be a friend or would prove treacherous. He also said he could heal the sick.

But, he declared, in tolerant tones, he wasn't going to advertise fortune-telling or anything like that. That would be too cheap. He was just going to teach the sixth sense. And, he said, to his disciples, if they proved of merit, would be imparted his powers.

Prayed Against U-Boats.

Then, almost as if to impart the "human interest" touch necessary in play or story, he told about his experiences with submarines. When he had come to this country, he declared, everybody had been afraid of the U-boats—that is, everybody but him. He had scorned the Germans—he had lived in an entirely normal way, except that he had refrained from sleeping on the way over, and had prayed all the time.

The result—they had not been submarine. This, he admitted, was proof of his strong powers.

Then he closed his speech, and announced that the second act was about to be staged. A brief intermission followed, pending the presentation of "Little Miracles I Have Met"—with apologies to Ernest Thompson-Seton.

The lights were turned down, the victrola started on a dreamy sort of music which repeated monotonously for the rest of the evening, and a general air of expectancy was apparent when operations were resumed.

First, Dr. Sarak went into a trance. It looked pretty easy, but presently he announced that it had taken, and that he didn't even know where he was. There must have been an astral draft, though, because he interrupted proceedings a minute later to ask that the door behind him be closed.

Narcotics and the Eyes.

First, he said, he would demonstrate to the gentlemen of the press. He asked one of them to step behind him and put his hands over his eyes. Then he said there were two drugs, opium and atropin.

Atropin, he said, dilates the pupils of the eyes, opium contracts them. Which, he asked, would the gentleman of the press choose?

The gentleman of the press, a mild and rather bewildered young man, chose opium.

"Aha," said the doctor, through his interpreter. "Then which eye?"

The reporter chose the right eye. "Aha," said the guru. "That means the left, because in the astral plane directions are opposite. Very well, I shall contract the pupils of my right astral eye."

He shuddered a bit, went through a few mild contortions, palavered a bit and, after a lot of preliminaries, got one of his disciples to open his eyes.

Sure enough, the left pupil was smaller than the right.

Some skeptics in the audience were unkind enough to remark that he hadn't allowed an examination of his eyes before the miracle had been worked, and that he had announced the switch in directions after the eye had been picked.

Had Mr. Moore's Ring.

Sacre bleu, these doubters—they were quite below the doctor's notice. He passed on to the second miracle.

He took Mr. Moore and two of his sisters in esotericism—Dr. Sarak's sisters—into an inner room.

When they came out, they announced that the guru had taken Mr. Moore's ring and set it in a paper tube. Then the sisters got around him and held his hands, he shuddered

—and, presto!—the ring had dropped into one of their hands.

When one of the audience remarked that he had seen the ring as the doctor entered, pained in his right hand, the doctor very promptly fell into a chair and demanded that the two gentlemen of the press take his pulse. They did: one on the wrist and the other on the forehead.

Then the most psychic thing of the evening happened. At one and the same time, without any pre-arranged signal, the two amateur pulse takers arrived at exactly the same figure at exactly the same moment—104 beats to the minute.

Dr. Sarak allowed the palming incident to pass.

"My high pulse shows this is no 'normal pulse' is much lower," he explained triumphantly. "The normal pulse is much lower."

Then he had some cotton put over one eye, and partly over another, and allowed the members of the audience to tie napkins around the top of his head until he looked more like a whirling dervish than a whirling dervish himself—only he didn't whirl. He just played a game of dominoes with one of the gentlemen of the press.

Lost Game of Dominoes.

If he couldn't see he played a corking good game of dominoes. If he could, as some were unsympathetic enough to intimate, he played very poorly, for a supernatural. At least the newspaper man beat him.

After this miracle one of the reporters audibly remarked that he doubted Dr. Sarak thereupon asked him to take off his coat and the it round his head. This the skeptic refused to do, but asked permission to apply another napkin. The napkin was brought him and the newspaper man started to put it on.

Then Dr. Sarak got annoyed. Without remembering that he had invited the gentlemen of the press to attend, he remarked in accents rather more wild than psychic that this was his home; that the young man ought to remember that he was a gentleman; that he wasn't a gentleman, anyway; that—oh, a lot of things. Then he snatched the reporter's notes out of his pocket.

Then the reporter got annoyed.

He grappled with the miracle worker, who, the audience almost got up on its seats, pushed him gently into the corner, and tried to get his notes back. He didn't.

Things were getting pretty lively and most of the watchers were in a pleasant state of anticipation when, as usual, some one had to spoil the fun. Everybody was just waiting to see whether the reporter was going to swing at the guru and annihilate him—which he most certainly would have—when the guru was going to use his supernatural powers and annihilate the reporter—which was not quite so certain, because, while mild and inoffensive, the reporter was quite a healthy young specimen—when an imitation William Jennings Bryan stepped in and both principals accepted mediation.

Three Hurry Away.

After a lengthy conference, the reporter agreed to go and things were getting peaceful again when the doctor started it again by tearing up the newspaper man's notes. There was considerable oratory over this, but presently the reporter got out—along with Mr. Moore and at least one other member of the audience, and the seance was resumed.

Dr. Sarak's next and last trick, as a vaudeville skit, was worth alone the price of admission—which was nothing. With his eyes still covered, from the top, with napkins, he painted a picture of some mountains, a moon and a sea. He was so dexterous about it that he painted it both right-side-up and upside-down. Doubtless he could have done it sideways. It was a remarkable (?) performance.

Then, in the most gallant manner imaginable, he presented it to one of the sisters in esotericism, threw himself down in a chair, had the napkins removed, was tenderly ministered to, and proceeded to devote the rest of the evening to trying to telephone the editor of the paper which employed his young friend.

Punch was served, cigarettes smoked, chatter exchanged—and, voila! the night of miracles was at an end!

STRIKE PLOT TRIALS SOON

Labor's Peace Council Members to Face Court Within 30 Days.

NEW YORK, March 31.—Members of labor's national peace council, under Federal indictment here on charges of fomenting labor strikes, are cut down the allies' supplies from America, will be tried within the next thirty days.

Among the men indicted are Frank Buchanan and H. Robert Fowler, former representatives from Illinois; former Attorney General Frank S. Monnett, of Ohio; David Lamar, "the wolf of Wall Street," and others.

The council was financed by Franz von Rintelen, and organized as a neutral body with the avowed purpose of causing labor troubles that would stop the shipment of munitions and supplies to the allies, the Government charges.

RELENTED IN WILL

Testator Threw 'Mantle of Charity' Over Acts of Rebellious Son.

NEWARK, N. J., March 31.—In a will filed for probate here, Jared D. Remer, who died on January 3, set forth many troubles he had had with his only son, James S. D. Remer. Nevertheless, he left James three-quarters of his \$150,000 estate. The rest goes to Mrs. Emma S. Henry, sister of the decedent.

The testator said that up to the time James was twenty-seven years of age he was all that a son should be. Then he married a girl displeasing to his parents, thereby causing the untimely death of his mother.

"I would be justified in absolutely disinheriting James," said the decedent, "but instead I will cover the mantle of charity over his faults and fully forgive him. I pray to the God of our fathers that He will also forgive him."

NO BOMBAY WOOING HERE

Man Who Tried It Is Sent to Work-house.

NEW YORK, March 31.—For crooning an Oriental melody in the ear of a young woman on a subway train, falling on her lap and otherwise annoying her, Hormuzd A. Sakiet, forty years, a tea merchant of Bombay, India, was sentenced yesterday to five days in the workhouse.

Magistrate Appleton issued a warning that foreigners who came here must look with respect upon the young women of this country.

"The ideals of Bombay are not the ideals of America," said he. The complaint against Sakiet was Miss Irene Streibart, eighteen years old, of the Bronx.

ELEVEN SHIPS SUNK IN AMAZING RAID

Germans Send to Rio de Janeiro
267 Survivors of Attacks By
Slow Sailing Craft.

By H. B. ROBERTSON.

RIO DE JANEIRO, March 31.—Two hundred and sixty-five men and two women, survivors from eleven steamships and sailing vessels sunk in the Atlantic, brought into port today another amazing German raid.

They arrived on the French bark Cambronne. The new German raider, the survivors said, is a sailing vessel, with auxiliary gasoline engines. She flies the Norwegian flag and is heavily armed. The survivors asserted that many of those aboard the eleven ships destroyed by the latest German sea raider were drowned.

The raider bears the name Seeadler, and is commanded by Count Luckner. She left Germany on December 22. Most of her victims were overhauled and sunk in the vicinity of Trinidad.

Victims of Raiders.

The raider's victims as listed were: Steamer Gladys Royle, British, 4,500 tons, (sunk off Madeira, January 3); steamer Lady Island, British, 4,500 tons, (sunk January 21); steamer Rongoth, British, 5,500 tons; sailing vessel Pinnara, British, 3,700 tons, (sunk February 19); sailing vessel Joan, British, 3,700 tons, (sunk February 20); schooner Trese, of Halifax, 400 tons, (sunk January 28); steamer Buenos Aires Iwcock, Italian, 2,800 tons; steamer Charles Gouard, French, 3,000 tons, (sunk January 21); steamer Antoinette, French, 4,000 tons, (sunk January 28); steamer Rouchoucauld, French, 3,000 tons, (sunk February 27), and sailing vessel Duplex, French, 3,000 tons (sunk March 5).

Cambronne passengers described the raider as a three-masted sailing vessel, armed with two six-inch cannon and rapid fire guns. In almost every case the Seeadler flew the Norwegian flag and signaled her prospective victims that she desired to speak to them. When the Seeadler came within perfect range her crew broke out the German ensign and opened fire. As soon as the overhauled vessel surrendered the Germans sent crews aboard, took off survivors, imprisoned them, and then sunk their prey.

Plan Was Audacious.

The very audacity of the raiding plan followed by the Seeadler was responsible for her great success in preying on commerce. Instead of being of a fast cruiser type like the Moewe and the Emden, the Seeadler, according to survivors, was a cumbersome-looking vessel, innocent-looking in her big spread of sails, and with very slow speed.

Those aboard the Cambronne said that the Seeadler crew told them that after leaving Iceland the raider bore due southward. The first sinking of which the survivors had any knowledge was off the Madeira islands on January 3. Then, judging from successive meetings which the Seeadler accomplished, she turned her nose southwest across the Atlantic. Her most recent sinkings were reported off Trinidad.

At about the time the Seeadler was somewhere around Madeira and the Canary Islands, something mysteriously happened to one of the cable lines from England, via the Canary Islands, to South America. It was considered possible here that the raider yanked up this line and cut it. Certainly communication by way of this company has been broken lately.

Pilfered With Patrols.

The slow moving Seeadler was not lacking in courage to pick out a spot near where allied patrol vessels were still searching for the German steam raider a 1 her consorts as the scene of her preying on commerce. Even after Germany officially reported the return to a German port of the Moewe and identified her as a South American raider, British patrol vessels still searched the South Atlantic waters, in view of reports that the Moewe had armed and equipped several of her prizes as auxiliary raiders and that these auxiliaries were still at work.

Only two of the vessels reported sunk in the above Rio dispatch are listed in Lloyd's register. They are the Gladys Royle, 3,268 tons, owned by J. Westoll and registered at Sunderland, England, and the Duplex, 2,206 tons, owned by the Societe Anonyme Des Armateurs Hantias, registered at Nantes.

BRIDEGROOM IN POST JAIL

Baltimore Guardsman Overstays Time Getting Married.

BALTIMORE, March 31.—If you are a member of the national guard, it will be all right if you get married, but you positively must not be too long about it. Ask Conrad Touchard! He is a member of Company K, Fourth Maryland, and he knows.

Conrad, who enlisted last June and went to Eagle Pass with the boys, took it into his head a few days ago that this new expedition probably would last longer than that of last year, and, such being the case, that it would be well to have the girl he leaves behind him tagged with the name of Mrs. Touchard. So he prevailed upon the girl to change her name from Miss Loretta Kelly to Mrs. Touchard, and then escorted her on Wednesday to St. Patrick's church and had Father Wheeler tie the knot.

He is now in the guardhouse, a sad man, indeed. He said he was there because he was married. But Captain Hummel, his commander, said that Conrad was a little bit wrong—that his marriage was fine, and all that, with absolutely no military punishment attached, and that the detention in the guardhouse was the result of Conrad staying out overtime, whether on marriage business or otherwise.

SUSPENDS LAND OFFICIALS

Argentina's President Acts After Discovery of Graft Plan.

BUENOS AIRES, March 31.—President Irigoyen has suspended the entire personnel of the Department of Public Lands, because of discovery of a wholesale graft plan.

Investigation recently undertaken revealed that foremen, mostly acting for foreign corporations, had set aside upon 700,000 acres of valuable land, through connivance of officials.

Many United States corporations were said to have been in the scheme, hoping to obtain rich lands through the squatters.

URGED TO ENROLL IN NAVAL VOLUNTEERS

Members of District Battalion
May Have More Than One
Chance for Service.

Members and former members of the District Naval Battalion are being urged to enroll in the National Naval Volunteers, so as to guarantee themselves more than one chance of serving their country in the event of war. A number of officers and men in the battalion already have enrolled.

The National Naval Volunteers is an organization in which members of the naval militia throughout the United States may enroll, after passing physical and mental examinations. Men enrolled are subject to immediate duty anywhere, on call of the President, and without examination. They receive retainer pay in time of peace for attendance at drills. The amounts range from \$52 to \$120 a year, payable quarterly, after twelve drills have been attended.

Privileges of Membership.

Membership in the naval militia entitles a man to enroll in the National Naval Volunteers, as well as to enjoy the benefits of weekly instruction in drills, seamanship, signaling, and handling of big guns. They also are privileged to take part in week-end cruises on the training ship Sylvia, now at the Navy Yard being fitted out with guns. They also may make the annual cruise with the reserve fleet.

Requirements for enrollment in the National Naval Volunteers are that the applicant be a citizen of the United States between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five—the age limit being forty years for men with mechanical training; that he be available for service for three years unless sooner discharged; that he qualify physically and mentally and attend weekly drills.

Expected Orders Soon.

Commander R. B. Brummett, heading the District Naval Battalion, today expressed the belief that the organization will be ordered into service next week.

The members of the battalion are not indulging in any speculation as to whether they will be ordered out, but are surmising as to the actual date of their leaving Washington for active service.

Efforts are being made to get as many new men as possible into the battalion. It is understood that after orders are received by Commander Brummett no more recruits will be taken into the organization. Young Washington men eager to serve their country at sea then will have to enroll in the National Naval Volunteers.

list in the United States Navy for continuous service for at least three years.

RECRUITING TO BE BOOMED

National Service Legion to Dine Informally Tonight.

Speeches in the interest of recruiting the National Guard of the District are scheduled for the first annual informal dinner of the Military Service Legion tonight in the Continental Hotel. "Meat call" will be sounded at 6:15 o'clock.

The dinner was arranged by a committee composed of Capt. E. W. Zea, chairman; Col. Clarence V. Sayer, Capt. Sheridan Ferris, Capt. John E. Brooks, Ensign Howard S. Fisk, and Arthur B. Gleason.

The Military Service Legion, of which Col. R. D. Simms is president, is composed of former officers and non-commissioned officers of the National Guard.

COOKS COLD TO NAVY LURE

Not a Single Culinary Expert Has Offered His Services.

NEW YORK, March 31.—Navy recruiting officers have succeeded in drumming up two applicants for the navy's aviation corps, but all efforts to snare any specimen of the genus cook failed. The strategists in charge of the navy's publicity department expressed grave concern that not one culinary expert has appeared at any of the recruiting stations, and fears are felt that the country's first line of defense will go hungry.

The lure of marine service proved too much for Sergt. Stephen Garrity, who retired last week after seventeen years' service. He re-enlisted yesterday.

At the naval coast defense reserve station at 26 Cortlandt street it was reported that 350 of the 500 boats needed to patrol the coast in defense of New York had been offered.

RESERVE NEEDS TEN GUARDS.

Ten men are needed immediately by the Naval Coast Defense Reserve for guard duty, at the navy yard. Officers of the reserve corps said today the men are needed to relieve others in the gunnery school whose training is being interfered with because of assignment to such duty.

Married men are eligible. They will not be greatly inconvenienced by joining the reserves for guard duty at the naval gun factory, nor will they be compelled to live away from their homes. The men are expected to perform four hours' guard duty three nights consecutively, with every fourth night off. Applicants will be enrolled at the recruiting station, room 329 Homer Building, Thirteenth and F streets northwest, and the Old Naval Hospital, Tenth street and Pennsylvania avenue southeast. The pay is \$21.90 a month, with \$9 allowed for rations in four weeks. There is also a clothing allowance of \$30 on reporting for three months' duty. A retainer pay of \$1 a month is allowed when the men are not actually on duty.

BRITISH GAIN MILE ON 7-MILE FRONT

Take Five Towns, Menacing St.
Quentin, on Hindenburg Line.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMIES
APPLIED, March 31.—British troops today swept forward in a mile advance over a seven-mile front in the Hindenburg region, seriously menacing the German base city of St. Quentin.

Five towns were captured in this sweep of the Hindenburg line. The ground gained constituted a gain of about a mile and a half over the recently won line of battle against the Teutons.

The villages captured by the English in the advance today were Hendicourt, St. Emille, Vermand, Marteville, and Soyecourt, all lying northwest of St. Quentin.

FRENCH MAKE NEW GAINS

Paris Officially Reports Capture of Numerous Positions.

PARIS, March 31.—French troops are still progressing against the German lines at various points east of Neuville and Vregny, and have captured a number of important positions, today's official statement reported.

The progress mentioned was territory south of the Ailette.

In the Champagne sector, the report detailed repulses of five German counter-attacks on positions west of Malsons which the French had recaptured.

WOMAN HAS PEACE PLAN

ANN ARBOR, Mich., March 31.—Late women unite, refuse to marry, and we will have universal peace, Rowena Bustin, literary student at the University of Michigan, from Highland Park, Ill., told 200 students here.

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Advance in price, Big Four and Light Six models, May 1st next—deferred until that date account too late to correct advertisements appearing in magazines circulating throughout the month of April.

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And you may have either body on either the Big Four or the Light Six chassis.

They are beautifully finished, luxurious cars, increasingly popular models in the most comprehensive line of cars ever built by any one producer.

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